

# ACTION



PICTURE  
LIBRARY

No.15 1/3

EIRE 1/6

A  
FLEETWAY  
LIBRARY

**BIG NEWS !  
8 EXTRA PAGES !  
Exciting story  
and feature.**

## THE DESTROYERS

# MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the face of death

On the night of December 2nd, 1955, the 11.12 Waterloo to Windsor train smashed into the rear of a freight train just outside Barnes station. A police patrol car was cruising past the station when the crash occurred. Its occupants, Sergeant N. J. Loxley and P.C. T. Oliver, rushed to the scene. When they arrived fire had taken a hold on the leading coach but ignoring the flames, the two men immediately went to the assistance of the trapped passengers. Eventually they thought that everyone had been



brought to safety. Then P.C. Oliver saw movement in the wreckage. Together they tore at the red-hot coachwork to free the trapped man, ignoring the fact that the wreckage was in danger of collapsing. Twelve people died in the disaster. There would have been more but for the two men, who were both awarded the George Medal for their bravery.



# THE DESTROYERS

ONE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE SECRET SOCIETIES OF CRIME WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR STRANGLING AND ROBBING INCREDIBLE NUMBERS OF INNOCENT TRAVELLERS IN INDIA DURING THE LAST CENTURY. BUT THIS IS A STORY OF TODAY...

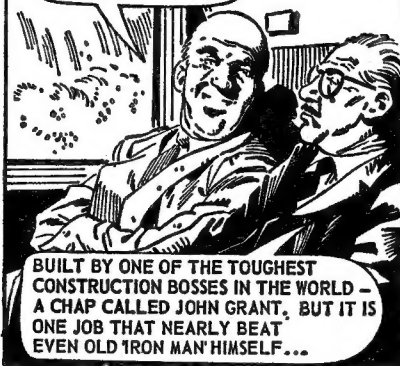


TRANS-ASIAN RAILWAYS CLAIM THAT THE VIEW FROM THEIR TRAINS CROSSING THE BHADORO BRIDGE IS THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD. THEY COULD BE RIGHT!



MILLIONS OF GALLONS OF WATER FALL OVER THE RAPIDS EVERY HOUR - AND THE TORRENT IS A MERE 100 YARDS AWAY FROM THE BRIDGE.

FANTASTIC!  
WHAT AN UNBELIEVABLE  
SIGHT! AND WHAT AN  
ENGINEERING FEAT!



BUILT BY ONE OF THE TOUGHEST  
CONSTRUCTION BOSSES IN THE WORLD -  
A CHAP CALLED JOHN GRANT. BUT IT IS  
ONE JOB THAT NEARLY BEAT  
EVEN OLD IRON MAN HIMSELF...

STRANGELY ENOUGH,  
IT WASN'T THE ENGINEERING  
PROBLEMS THAT CAUSED THE  
TROUBLE - IT WAS A STONE  
IDOL AS UGLY AS SIN -  
AND JUST AS EVIL!



THE EXPRESS RATTLED OFF THE BRIDGE. THE BUSINESSMEN LEANED BACK IN THEIR COMFORTABLE FIRST-CLASS SEATS...

A STONE IDOL!  
I CAN'T IMAGINE A  
HARD-HEADED ENGINEER  
TAKING MUCH HEED  
OF A STATUE.

LET ME TELL  
YOU WHAT HAPPENED -  
IT'LL HELP PASS THE TIME  
UNTIL WE REACH OUR  
DESTINATION...



THE SPEAKER HAD HEARD THE STORY FROM DAVID CHILTON, A YOUNG SURVEYOR WHO HAD BEEN ON THE PROJECT WITH GRANT.

HERE HE  
COMES! WHY  
CAN'T THE BIG-  
NOISES  
LEAVE A MAN TO  
GET ON WITH  
THE JOB?

THE RAJAH IS  
PAYING THE BILLS,  
AFTER ALL, MISTER  
GRANT. I SUPPOSE  
HE LIKES TO HAVE  
SOME IDEA WHERE HIS  
MONEY'S GOING!





DAVID CHILTON LOOKED WITH INTEREST TOWARDS THEIR DISTINGUISHED VISITOR...

BESIDES, THE RAJAH OF BHADORO IS SAID TO BE A DARNED GOOD BLOKE. HE'S POURING CASH INTO THIS PROJECT IN THE BELIEF THAT IT WILL IMPROVE THE PROSPERITY OF HIS PEOPLE.



JOHN GRANT HAD NO TIME FOR MORE THAN A GRUNT, FOR THE ROLLS-ROYCE PURRED TO A HALT CLOSE BY THEM...

YOU ARE MAKING EXCELLENT PROGRESS, I SEE, MISTER GRANT.

ON SCHEDULE, RAJAH... BUT THE TOUGHEST PART IS STILL TO COME.

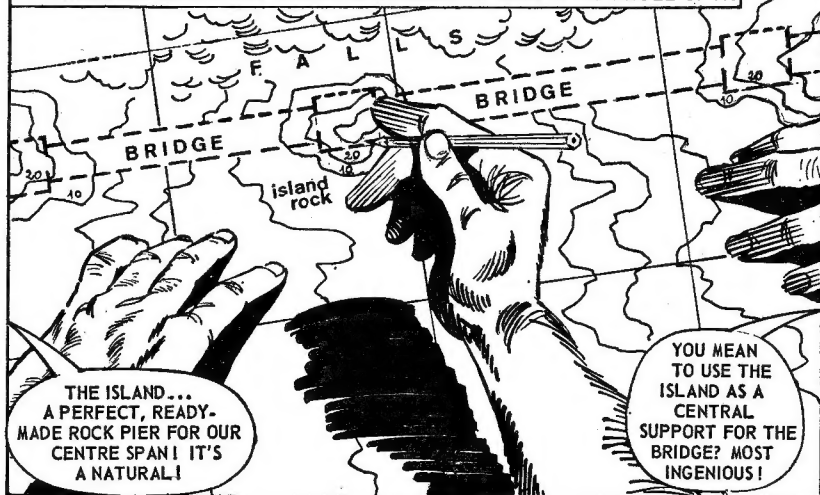


IN THE SURVEY HUT, GRANT LAID OUT DETAILED MAPS OF THE ROUTE THE LINE WAS TO TAKE...



THAT'S A PRETTY ROUGH RIVER WE'VE GOT TO THROW THE BRIDGE OVER, BUT LOOK HERE...

THE RIVER WAS 300 TURBULENT FEET WIDE AT THE CROSSING POINT JUST BELOW THE BHADORO FALLS... AND THERE WAS AN ISLAND OF ROCK IN THE MIDDLE OF IT.



UP TO THAT MOMENT, THE RAJAH'S COMPANION HAD SAID NOTHING. BUT NOW...

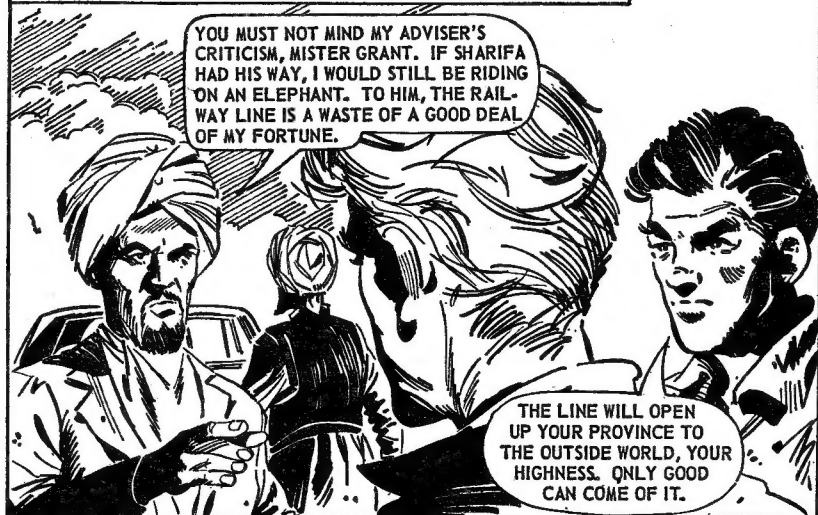


FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE CRAGGY FEATURES OF THE CONSTRUCTION BOSS BROKE INTO A GRIN...

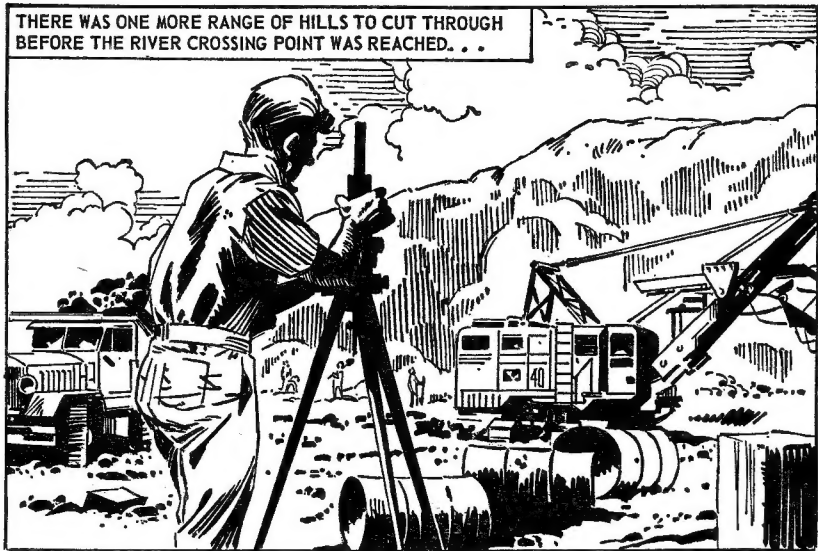


NOW THAT'S WHAT I LIKE TO HEAR! IF ANYONE CLAIMS A JOB'S IMPOSSIBLE, THEN JOHN GRANT'S THE MAN TO PROVE 'EM WRONG!

SHARIFA WAS STILL NURSING HIS DISAPPROVAL WHEN THE VISIT ENDED.



THERE WAS ONE MORE RANGE OF HILLS TO CUT THROUGH BEFORE THE RIVER CROSSING POINT WAS REACHED. . .





SUDDENLY, A SHRILL CRY OF FEAR RANG OUT ABOVE THE DIN OF THE MACHINES...



THERE WAS A FLURRY OF DUST ON THE SLOPES ABOVE THE CUTTING AND A RUMBLE THAT BECAME A ROAR AS HUGE BOULDERS TUMBLED DOWNWARD...



BUT FOR ONE MAN THERE,  
ESCAPE WAS IMPOSSIBLE...



IT WAS ALL OVER IN THE SIXTY SECONDS IT  
TOOK JOHN GRANT TO REACH THE SCENE.

SAHIB... SAHIB!  
HUSSEIN... HE IS  
STILL UNDER  
THERE!

GET A  
COUPLE OF  
THE 'DOZERS  
HERE... JALDI!  
HURRY!



AS THE BULLDOZERS BIT INTO THE MOUND OF RUBBLE BURYING THE EXCAVATOR, GRANT TURNED ANGRILY ON DAVID CHILTON. . .

BUT I SURVEYED THAT HIGH GROUND ONLY THREE DAYS AGO, MISTER GRANT. I FOUND IT AS SOLID AS A ROCK!

DEVIL TAKE IT, CHILTON - THAT SOLID ROCK JUST FELL ON THAT POOR FELLER OVER THERE. THERE'S NO ROOM FOR MISTAKES ON A 'JOHN GRANT PROJECT'!

THAT NIGHT, THE WORKERS' CAMP WAS QUIETER THAN USUAL. IT WAS THE FIRST SERIOUS ACCIDENT SINCE THE PROJECT HAD BEGUN.

POOR HUSSEIN! HE HAD A WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN BACK IN HIS VILLAGE, I BELIEVE.

AND NOW SHE IS A WIDOW, HER CHILDREN ORPHANS, TO SATISFY THE TIME-TABLE OF GRANT-SAHIB. I SAY HE DRIVES US TOO HARD...

KHUDA KHAN, A LABOURER, SEEMED TO HAVE PLENTY TO SAY FOR HIMSELF.

WHAT IS MORE, IT IS SAID WE ARE SOON TO BUILD A BRIDGE ACROSS THE BHADORO FALLS. HOW MANY OF US WILL JOIN OUR ANCESTORS BEFORE THAT IS FINISHED?

THERE WAS SOME MUTTERED AGREEMENT TO THIS, BUT IT WAS SUDDENLY STILLED BY AN EERIE HUMMING SOUND THAT ECHOED OVER THE SURROUNDING HILLS.



IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO PIN-POINT THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THE SOUND CAME... AND SOON IT FADED, LEAVING THE WORKERS UNEASIER THAN EVER.

IT IS  
OBVIOUS  
THE SPIRITS  
ARE ANGRY AT  
THE DEATH OF  
HUSSEIN, BROTHERS.  
PERHAPS THEY DO  
NOT WANT US TO  
WORK ON THE  
RAILWAY,  
EITHER.

BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING VERY SOLID ABOUT THESE "SPIRITS" ... AND SOMETHING UNSPEAKABLY EVIL, TOO!



THE PROCESSION OF WHITE-ROBED FIGURES WAS SOON GATHERED IN A ROCKY CAVERN, LIT BY THE FITFUL GLARE OF TORCHES.

BROTHERS, WE  
ARE CALLED TOGETHER  
TO RENEW OUR ANCIENT VOWS  
TO THE GREAT GODDESS  
KALL. FIRST, WE WILL  
PREPARE THE  
SACRIFICE...



A WHITE CLOTH WAS SPREAD ON THE ALTAR AND THE VARIOUS THINGS NECESSARY FOR THE CEREMONY PLACED ON IT...



TWO YOUNG GOATS, ONE BLACK, ONE WHITE, WERE KILLED IN RITUAL MANNER. THE PRIEST THEN INTONED THEIR CREED...



IN THE DAYS LONG AGO, A MONSTER WALKED OUR LAND. KALI FOUGHT THE MONSTER, BUT FOR EACH DROP OF HIS BLOOD SHE SPILT, A NEW MONSTER AROSE. SO, IN HER WISDOM, KALI STRANGLERD THE MONSTERS ONE BY ONE UNTIL THERE WERE NO MORE...



SHARIFA, HIGH PRIEST OF THIS STRANGE AND SINISTER CULT, HELD ALOFT THE SCARF...

THE ALL-POWERFUL KALI LEFT EACH ONE OF US THE SACRED CLOTH SO THAT WE MAY STRANGLE FOR HER WHEN SHE WILLS US TO. THE TIME IS NEAR, MY BROTHER THUGS...



HIS VOICE ECHOED EERILY AROUND THE ROUGH HEWN WALLS...

THIS ANCIENT TEMPLE, REFUGE OF OUR FOREFATHERS WHO WERE STRANGLERS IN THE DAYS OF OUR TRUE GLORY, IS THREATENED!



THERE WAS AN ANGRY MURMUR...



THOSE WHO BUILD THE RAILWAY AND THE BRIDGE ARE THE ENEMIES OF KALI. THEY MUST BE STOPPED! WE MUST SOW THE SEEDS OF FEAR IN THEM AND DESTROY THEM IF IT BECOMES NECESSARY!

NEXT DAY, DAVID CHILTON FOUND THE WORKERS SURLY AND UNCO-OPERATIVE...

WHY ARE YOU NOT WORKING? ON YOUR FEET AND START DIGGING!

THE SAHIB FORGETS WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR BROTHER HUSSEIN. IT IS NOT SAFE TO WORK HERE!

NOTHING THE SURVEYOR COULD SAY WOULD PERSUADE THEM OTHERWISE, KHUDA KHAN HAD SPREAD HIS POISON WELL...

THIS MAN KHUDA KHAN SEEMS TO BE THEIR SPOKESMAN, MISTER GRANT.

I KNOW THE ONE - A SURLY, COMPLAINING CHARACTER... THE SORT WE CAN DO WITHOUT...

JOHN GRANT STARED STONILY AT THE LABOURERS AND THEY STIRRED GUILTILY...

I DID NOT KNOW I HAD HIRED A FLOCK OF WHIMPERING SHEEP TO WORK ON MY GANG. THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE MEN!

IT IS NOT RIGHT FOR THE BARA-SAHIB TO EXPECT US TO WORK IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH!

UNHURRIEDLY, THE GANG BOSS WALKED UP TO KHUDA KHAN...

YOU HAVE  
MUCH TO SAY  
FOR YOURSELF,  
FRIEND. LET'S SEE  
IF YOU CAN BACK  
IT UP WITH  
ACTION...



A MIGHTY FIST SENT THE BURLY INDIAN  
FLYING...

UGH!



KHUDA KHAN, HIS FACE CREASED IN AN  
UGLY SNARL, CLIMBED SLOWLY TO  
HIS FEET...

YOU SHALL  
DIE FOR THAT,  
ENGLISHMAN!



KHUDA KHAN MOVED LIKE A STRIKING COBRA ...

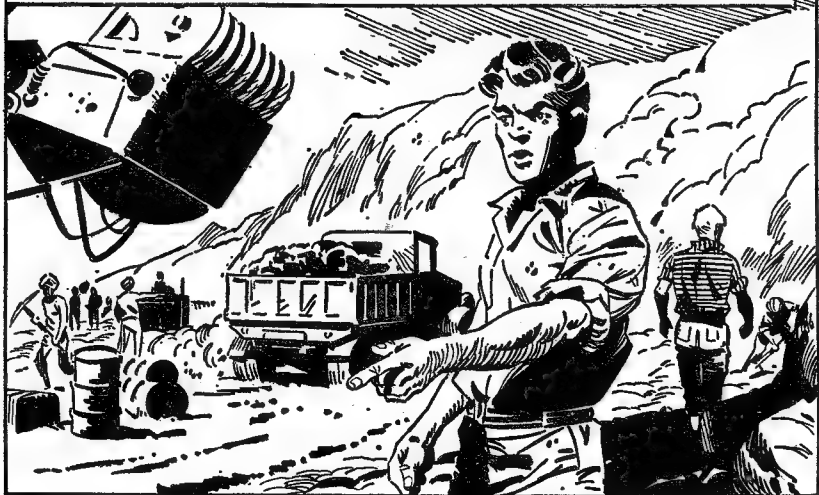
LOOK  
OUT, MISTER  
GRANT ...  
HE'S GOT A  
KNIFE!

BUT GRANT WAS NO STRANGER TO THE TOUGH, NO-HOLDS-  
BARRED BRAWLS OF THE CONSTRUCTION CAMPS...

AIEEE!



JOHN GRANT'S METHODS WERE ROUGH AND READY... BUT THEY HAD MADE HIM ONE OF THE FINEST CONSTRUCTION ENGINEERS IN THE WORLD... A MAN WHO GOT THINGS DONE!



THAT NIGHT, GRANT TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF POSTING GUARDS...



BUT THE GUARD DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT... AND EVEN IF HE HAD, IT IS DOUBTFUL WHETHER HE WOULD HAVE HEARD THE THUGS' SOUNDLESS APPROACH.



THE STRANGLER'S SCARF, ONE END WEIGHTED, SWUNG ROUND THE UNSUSPECTING MAN'S THROAT...



A STIFLED, CHOKING GURGLE... AND THE GUARD WAS DEAD...



TWO OTHER THUGS SLID OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND DRAGGED THE BODY AWAY. THE STRANGLER BROKE OPEN THE LOCK ON THE DOOR OF THE STORES SHED...



NOT A WORD HAD BEEN SPOKEN. EACH MAN HAD HIS INSTRUCTIONS...



A MATCH FLARED AND WAS APPLIED TO A PILE OF OILY COTTON WASTE. A DRUM OF KEROSENE WAS OVERTURNED, AND IN SECONDS...



ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY, FIRES SPRANG UP AT HALF-A-DOZEN DIFFERENT POINTS ABOUT THE CONSTRUCTION SITE...



IN MINUTES ONLY, CRIES OF ALARM WERE GOING UP ...

FIRE!  
THE STORE  
IS ON FIRE,  
SAHIB!

GOOD  
GRIEF! AND NOT  
ONLY THE  
STORE!



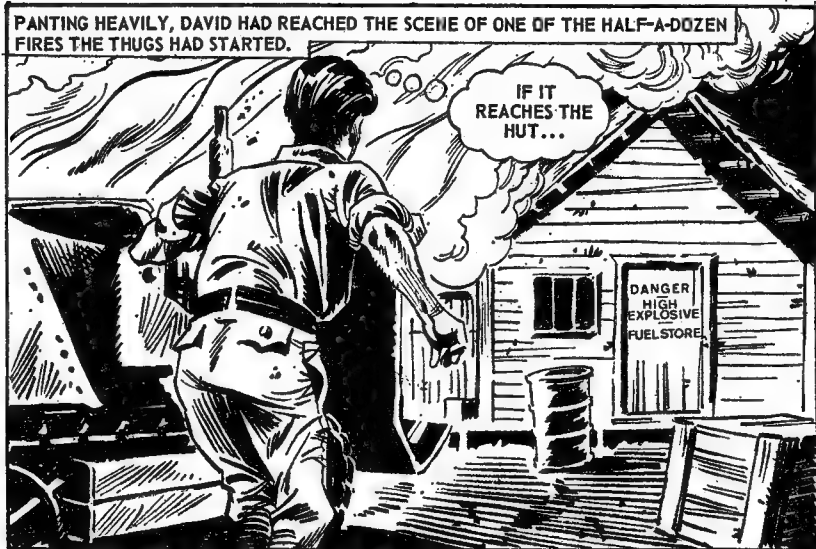
JOHN GRANT WAS ALREADY RUNNING TOWARDS THE SCENE OF THE STORE FIRE, HIS STRONG VOICE QUELLING THE EXCITED GABBLING OF THE WORKERS.



OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, GRANT SAW DAVID RUN THE OTHER WAY AND CURSED IRRITABLY...



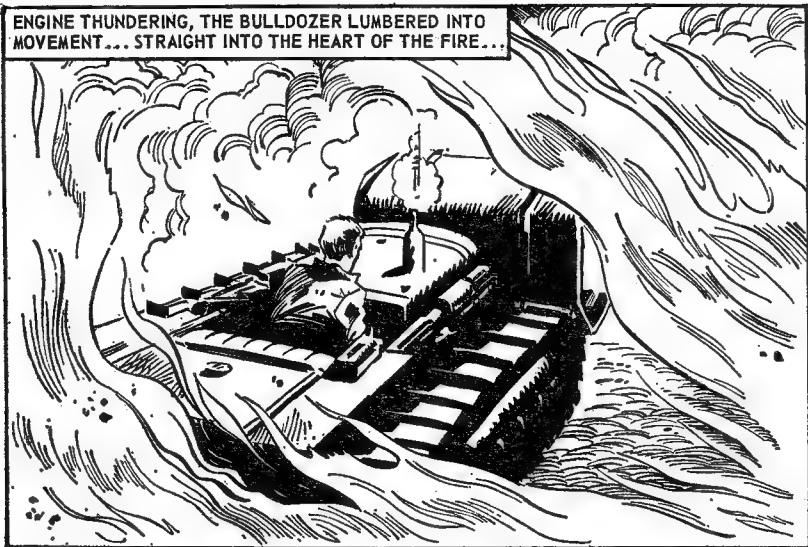
PANTING HEAVILY, DAVID HAD REACHED THE SCENE OF ONE OF THE HALF-A-DOZEN FIRES THE THUGS HAD STARTED.



HE CLIMBED ABOARD A BULLDOZER PARKED NEARBY...



ENGINE THUNDERING, THE BULLDOZER LUMBERED INTO  
MOVEMENT... STRAIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THE FIRE...



IT GOUGED A FIVE-FOOT DITCH ACROSS THE PATH OF THE FLAMES...







THE RAJAH TURNED  
TO HIS ADVISER...

BUT WHO WOULD  
DO SUCH A THING,  
SHARIFA? HAVE YOU ANY  
INFORMATION?

MANY OF YOUR PEOPLE THINK  
THE MONEY BEING SPENT ON THE RAIL-  
WAY WOULD BE BETTER USED REDUCING  
POVERTY IN THE PROVINCE, HIGHNESS.  
PERHAPS SOME HOTHEADS...



THE LINE DROVE ON, PLOUGHING A GREAT FURROW THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS AND ARROWING  
STRAIGHT ACROSS THE PLAINS. AHEAD, THE RIVER CROSSING LOOMED...

COME ON,  
GET THAT GRAPNEL  
FIRER SET  
UP! WE HAVEN'T  
GOT ALL DAY!



A ROCKET SPARKED AND SPLUTTERED ON ITS STAND... AND SUDDENLY SOARED ACROSS THE SEETHING MAELSTROM OF WATER.



THE STEEL PRONGS OF THE GRAPNEL SCRATCHED AND SCRABBLED AT THE ROCK SURFACE OF THE ISLAND, WORN SMOOTH BY CENTURIES OF SPRAY FROM THE FALLS. SUDDENLY, THEY BIT IN...



THE TOUGHENED NYLON ROPE WAS PULLED TAUT AND FASTENED SECURELY. A WIRY LITTLE INDIAN BEGAN TO CROSS...

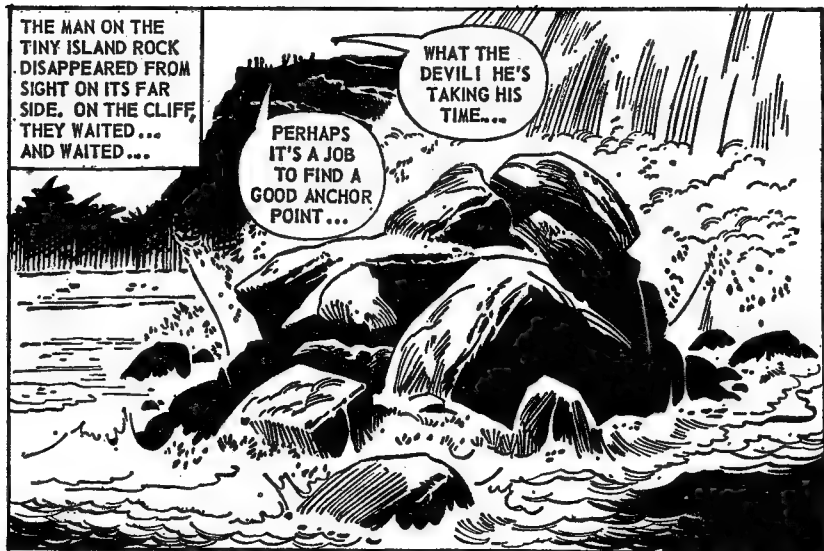


THE FIGURE WAS AT TIMES LOST IN THE SPRAY AND  
ONCE DIPPED TO HIS WAIST IN THE RAGING TORRENT ...



IT SEEMED AN ENDLESS CROSSING BUT AT LAST THE FEET OF THE DANGLING  
AZIZ FOUND FIRM GROUND. THE WATCHERS RAISED A CHEER...





TEN... FIFTEEN... THIRTY MINUTES...  
AND STILL THERE WAS NO SIGN OF AZIZ...



THE ROPE NO LONGER STRETCHED ACROSS THE RIVER, BUT DROOPED, INSTEAD, INTO THE WATER. IT WAS HAULED IN...



JOHN GRANT WAS NOT A MAN TO STAND AND SCRATCH HIS HEAD! AN HOUR LATER, A HELICOPTER WAS LANDING ON THE HIGH CLIFFS OVERLOOKING THE RIVER.

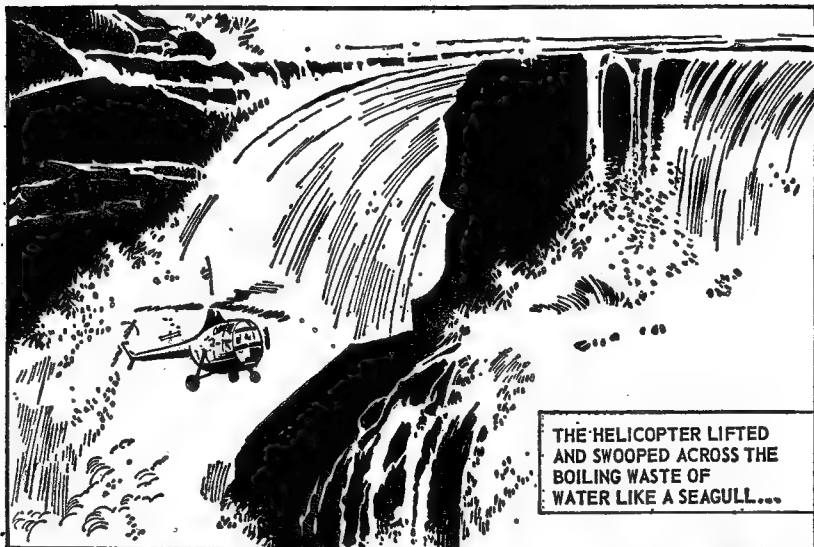


THE TOUGH OLD TROUBLE-SHOOTER WOULD LET NOBODY BUT HIMSELF GO IN THE "CHOPPER", APART FROM THE PILOT...



IT'S GOING TO BE DARNED DANGEROUS OUT THERE, MISTER GRANT.

BUZZ IS THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS... AND, ANYWAY, IT'S ONE OF MY MEN THAT'S MISSING OUT THERE!





GRANT WAS WINCHED DOWNWARD...



ONE MOMENT, HE WAS ALMOST ON THE GROUND, THE NEXT, FIVE FEET IN THE AIR. BUT AT LAST...



THE ISLAND WAS FIFTY PACES BY TWENTY, DAMP AND SLIPPERY WITH SPRAY... AND AS BARE AS AN EGG...



THE GRAPNEL WAS STILL WEDGED IN PLACE...

JEHOSOPHAT!  
THE ROPE ISN'T WORN...  
IT'S BEEN CUT!



THE MYSTERY WAS DEEPER THAN EVER. BUT THE JOB MUST GO ON...

HELLO,  
BUZZ... GO  
BACK TO THE BANK.  
GET CHILTON TO START  
LOADING... WE'LL USE  
YOUR CHOPPER  
INSTEAD OF  
A LINE.  
OKAY?

YOU'RE  
THE BOSS!  
ME... I GET  
PAID BY THE  
HOUR.

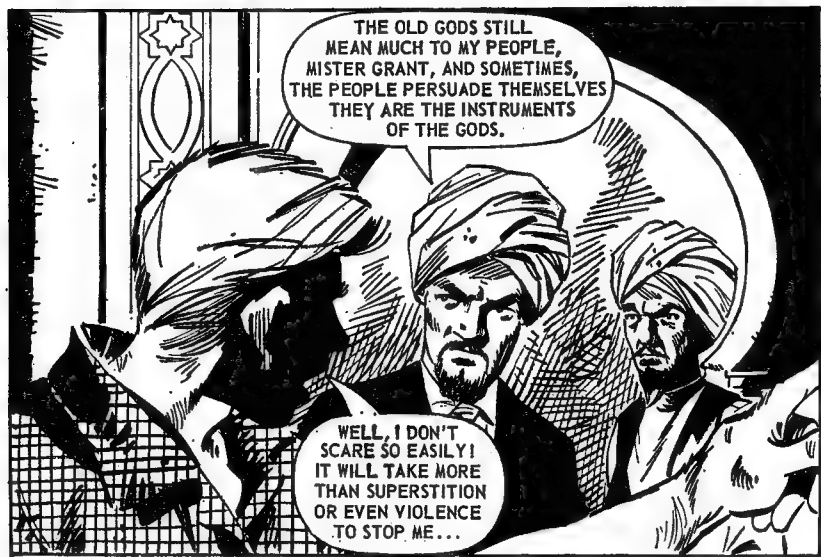
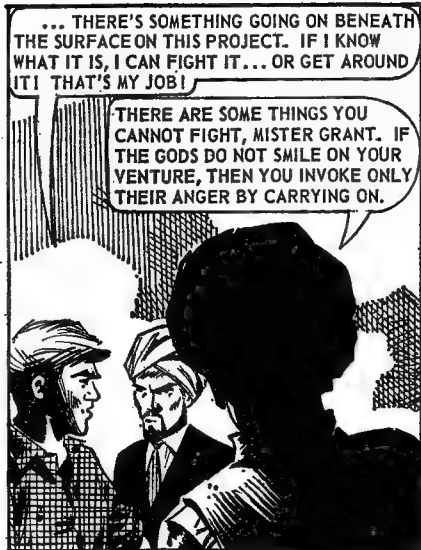


THE FERRYING OF CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS BEGAN AND JOHN GRANT SOON RETURNED TO THE BANK WHERE DAVID CHILTON WAS SUPERVISING THE OPERATION.

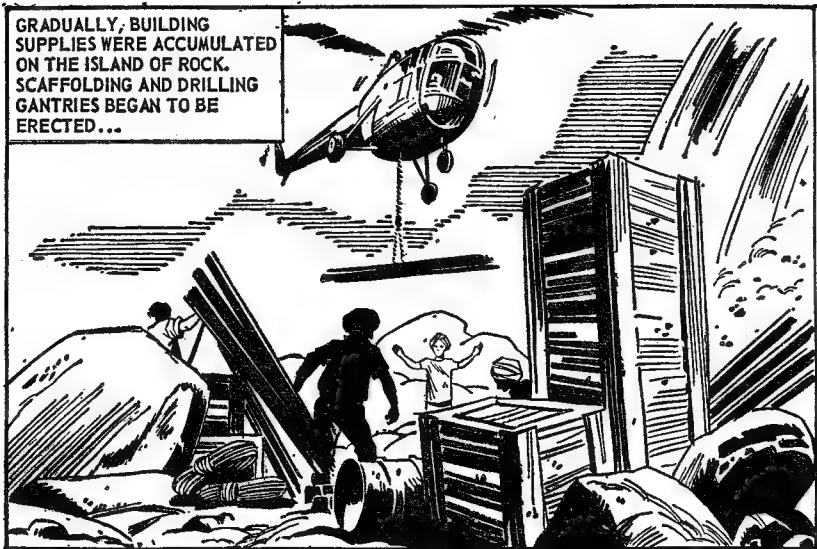


THE RAJAH OF BHADORO LIVED IN A PALACE THAT WAS SMALL BY SOME EASTERN STANDARDS.





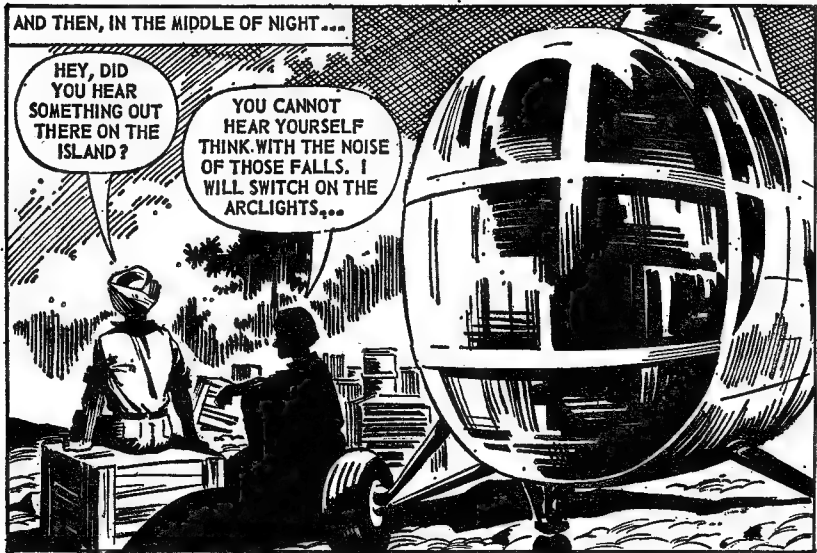
GRADUALLY, BUILDING SUPPLIES WERE ACCUMULATED ON THE ISLAND OF ROCK. SCAFFOLDING AND DRILLING GANTRIES BEGAN TO BE ERECTED...



AND THEN, IN THE MIDDLE OF NIGHT...

HEY, DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING OUT THERE ON THE ISLAND?

YOU CANNOT HEAR YOURSELF THINK WITH THE NOISE OF THOSE FALLS. I WILL SWITCH ON THE ARCLIGHTS...



A FEW MINUTES, AND A SMALL BUT POWERFUL LAMP SPOTLIGHTED THE ISOLATED PIECE OF ROCK...



BY THE TIME JOHN GRANT GOT THERE, MORE LIGHTS HAD BEEN SWITCHED ON AND THE DAMAGE WAS PLAIN FOR ALL TO SEE.



IT TOOK TWO WHOLE DAYS FOR THE GANTRY TO BE REBUILT. THEN JOHN GRANT ORDERED THE LIGHTS TO BE SWITCHED ON ALL NIGHT... AND THE TWO GUARDS TO BE ARMED...

THAT SHOULD TAKE CARE OF ANY INVISIBLE SABOTEURS! NOTHING LIKE A BULLET HOLE OR TWO TO FRIGHTEN OFF THE EVIL SPIRITS!



NO ALARM WAS RAISED DURING THE NIGHT, BUT NEXT MORNING...

IN GLORY'S NAME! WHERE THE BLAZES ARE THE GUARDS?



THERE WAS NO SIGN OF THE GUARDS... AND THE EQUIPMENT ON THE ISLAND WAS AGAIN A SHAMBLES OF TWISTED WRECKAGE.

BY HEAVENS! SOMEONE'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!

THERE IS A CURSE ON THIS PLACE! IT IS A WARNING THAT WE SHOULD NOT WORK HERE!



THE WORKERS WERE SHUFFLING AWAY... WHEN A BELLOW STOPPED THEM IN THEIR TRACKS...



NO OTHER MAN BUT GRANT COULD HAVE KEPT THEM AT WORK. HE WAS AS HARD AS ROCK AND JUST AS INDESTRUCTIBLE. THE ENEMIES OF THE RAILWAY HAD COME TO REALISE THAT, TOO...







BY INTENSIVE, ALMOST RUTHLESS EFFORTS, GRANT GOT HIS PROJECT BACK ON SCHEDULE. HE DROVE HIMSELF EVEN HARDER THAN HE DROVE HIS MEN ...



THE CONSTRUCTION BOSS WAS STILL WORKING IN HIS OFFICE AT 2 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, WHEN ...





THE RUMAL, THE STRANGLER'S SCARF, FLICKED ABOUT GRANT'S THROAT... AND THEN TWO STEELY FISTS CLAMPED ON THE WRISTS OF THE INTRUDER...



A MIGHTY HEAVE OF GRANT'S POWERFUL SHOULDERS... AND KHUDA KHAN SHOT OVER HIS HEAD...



GRANT FLUNG HIMSELF AT THE WOULD-BE STRANGLER...



BUT KHUDA KHAN'S BODY WAS HEAVILY GREASED AND HE SLIPPED OUT OF THE ENGLISHMAN'S VICE-LIKE GRIP...



CURSING FURIOUSLY, GRANT SCRAMBLLED TO HIS FEET...

WHAT...  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON? WHO WAS  
THAT?



THE  
SWINE TRIED  
TO STRANGLE  
ME! AFTER  
HIM...!

BY THE TIME THEY GOT OUT OF THE HUT, GRANT'S ASSAILANT WAS DISAPPEARING AMONG THE TREES.

THERE HE GOES!



IT WAS THAT KHUDA KHAN... THE ONE I SLUNG OFF THE SITE! WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!



LISTEN, THERE'S... THERE'S MORE TO IT. THAN AN... ACT... OF REVENGE! EASE UP... THIS KHAN MAY LEAD US... TO THE REAL SOURCE... OF OUR TROUBLES...

THE SENSE OF WHAT DAVID CHILTON SAID PENETRATED EVEN GRANT'S ANGER... AND THEY SLOWED UP. SOON...

HE'S MAKING FOR THE RIVER. THE FOOL'S RUN HIMSELF INTO A DEAD END!



KHUDA KHAN SEEMED TO HESITATE AMONG THE BOULDERS THAT BORDERED THE FALLING TORRENT OF WATER. ONE SECOND, HE WAS THERE... THE NEXT, HE HAD VANISHED!



I'VE READ OF IT BEFORE. THE ROCK FACE BENEATH BIG FALLS LIKE THESE ARE OFTEN WORN AWAY BY THE FORCE OF WATER... LEAVING A PATH BEHIND THE FALLS!



WHAT! BY HEAVEN, IF YOU'RE RIGHT, WE'VE GOT HIM AND ANY OF HIS MATES WHO MIGHT BE THERE. BACK YOU GO AND BRING A DOZEN OR SO TOUGH GANGERS... I'LL WAIT HERE...



GRANT SETTLED DOWN LIKE A TERRIER AT A RAT-HOLE TO WATCH WHERE KHUDA KHAN HAD DISAPPEARED...



THE ROAR OF THE FALLS BLANKETING ANY SOUND, HE WAS QUITE UNAWARE OF HIS DANGER UNTIL FOUR THUGS FLUNG THEMSELVES ON HIM.



TAKE HIM  
ALIVE, BROTHER  
STRANGLERS! THE  
GREAT GODDESS KALI  
WANTS TO MEET HER  
ENEMY FACE TO  
FACE...

WHEN JOHN GRANT RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS, HE WAS BOUND HAND AND FOOT... BEFORE A STONE IDOL OF GROTESQUE APPEARANCE...



A FIGURE WAS DRAGGED FORWARD AND FLUNG GROVELLING AT THE FEET OF THE STATUE.



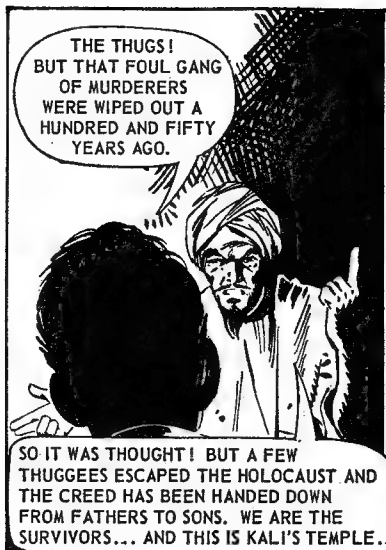
THEN, TO THE DAZED JOHN GRANT'S HORROR, KHUDA KHAN WAS COLD-BLOODEDLY STRANGLING BEFORE HIS VERY EYES...





OUTRAGED PROTESTS BURST FROM THE ENGINEER...





SUDDEN REALISATION CAME TO JOHN GRANT...



SHARIFA, THE HIGH PRIEST OF THE THUGS, DREW  
HIMSELF UP, HIS EYES AS COLD AS A SNAKE'S.



MEANWHILE, DAVID CHILTON AND THE GANGERS HAD REACHED THE BANK OF THE RIVER WHERE HE HAD LEFT JOHN GRANT ...

THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE BARA-SAHIB ...

SURELY HE HASN'T FOLLOWED KHUDA KHAN ...



AT THE SIDE OF THE MONSTROUS CURTAIN OF WATER, THE GANGERS HESITATED, FOR IT SEEMED CERTAIN DEATH TO VENTURE INTO IT.

HERE, LET ME GO FIRST ... I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY!



THEY WATCHED THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN STEP INTO THE TORRENT ... AND DISAPPEAR.



ONE AFTER THE OTHER, THE GANGERS DUCKED THROUGH THE WATERFALL..., ON TO A NARROW LEDGE, ONE WALL OF WHICH SHIMMERED IN THE MOONLIGHT.

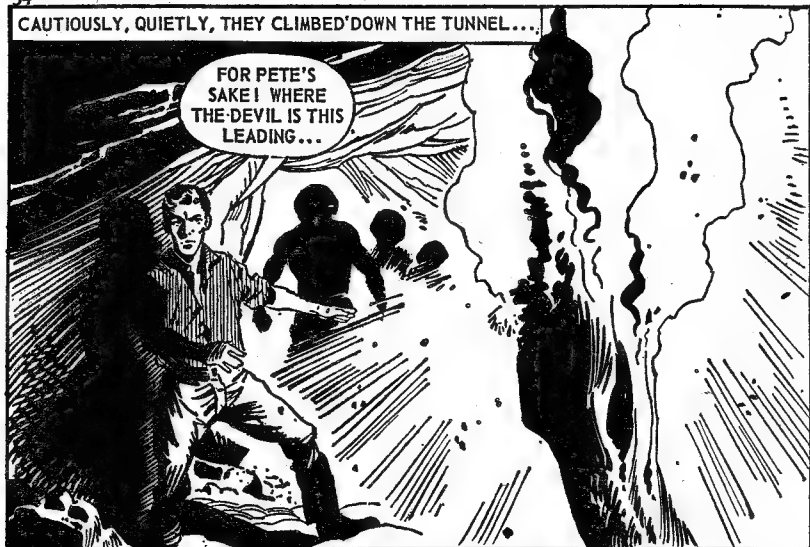


A SMOOTH-WALLED TUNNEL ANGLED DOWNWARD FROM THE LEDGE AND DEEP DOWN THERE WAS A DULL GLOW...



CAUTIOUSLY, QUIETLY, THEY CLIMBED DOWN THE TUNNEL...

FOR PETE'S  
SAKE! WHERE  
THE DEVIL IS THIS  
LEADING...



THIRTY FEET FARTHER ON... AND THEY FOUND OUT...

YOUR TIME  
HAS COME,  
ENGLISHMAN! SEE  
THE SMILE ON THE  
FACE OF KALI  
AS SHE PREPARES  
TO WELCOME  
YOU...



THE CLOTH OF THE STRANGLER WAS ABOUT JOHN GRANT'S THROAT... AND THE TOUGH ENGINEER WAS POWERLESS...



AND THEN A SHOT RANG OUT...



SHARIFA, THE EXECUTIONER, FELL... AND THE GANGERS POURED INTO THE TEMPLE IN A YELLING, FURIOUS MOB...



NO MERCY WAS SHOWN TO THE COLD-BLOODED STRANGLERS. PICKAXE HELVES SMASHED THE LAST OF THE EVIL CULT OF THE THUGS INTO THE GROUND.



DAVID SAW ONE OF THE STRANGLERS BEND VENGEFULLY OVER THE HELPLESS CONSTRUCTION BOSS.



AND WHEN IT WAS OVER, JOHN GRANT TURNED TO DAVID CHILTON...

IT'S NOT OFTEN I OWE  
ANYTHING TO ANY MAN...  
BUT TO YOU, LAD, I OWE MY LIFE!  
I'LL NOT FORGET THAT...



AND AS FOR  
THIS... THIS FILTHY  
PLACE AND THIS STATUE...  
WE'LL BURY IT FOR EVER...  
IN CONCRETE!





AS THE TRAVELLER FINISHED HIS STORY, THE TRAIN DREW INTO ITS DESTINATION...

AND THAT'S WHAT  
THEY DID, THEY PUMPED  
CONCRETE INTO THE ISLAND.  
THERE'S NOTHING MORE  
SOLID THAN THAT PIER IN  
ALL INDIA. THEY CALL  
THE BRIDGE JOHN GRANT'S  
GREATEST ENGINEERING  
FEAT... BUT IT WAS  
NEARLY HIS FIRST  
AND LAST  
FAILURE!



# PUBLIC ENEMY No.1

DURING THE EARLY THIRTIES, JOHN DILLINGER, BANK-ROBBER AND KILLER, WAS WANTED IN EVERY ONE OF THE UNITED STATES, BUT THE CUNNING GANGSTER ELUDED ALL THE POLICE'S PLANS OF CAPTURE ...



WELL-PLANNED WERE HIS ROBBERIES AND HIS GETAWAYS, AND WELL-CHOSEN WERE HIS HIDE-OUTS WHERE, WITH HIS UNHOLY GANG, HE WOULD RELIVE HIS PAST LIFE, POSING AS A MODERN ROBIN HOOD.



YEAH, MY PAW WAS A GOOD GUY - WORKED HARD - SAVED HIS MONEY. THEN THE LOUSY BANK FOLDED UP AN' HE LOST EVERY DIME!

THAT'S WHY I FIGURE ALL BANKERS ARE CROOKS AND THEIR LOOT OUGHTA BE HI-JACKED AND GIVEN TO THE POOR!



THE "POOR" DILLINGER HAD IN MIND WERE, OF COURSE, HE AND HIS MURDEROUS CREW OF GANGSTERS AND MOLLS! BUT THE LAW DID NOT AGREE WITH THE ARCH-CRIMINAL'S SENTIMENTS AND HOUNDED HIM FROM STATE TO STATE. AT LAST...



YOU WANNA LIVE TO ENJOY THE MONEY, DON'T YOU, BUSTER? NOW WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT PAYMENT IN ADVANCE?



AFTER THE OPERATION, DILLINGER'S FACE HAD ALTERED - BUT **NOT MUCH!** AS FOR HIS FINGER-TIPS, ONLY PART OF THE TELL-TALE WHORLS HAD BEEN PERMANENTLY REMOVED.



IN CHICAGO IN 1934  
THERE LIVED A  
WOMAN NAMED  
ANNA SAGE, AN  
IMMIGRANT FROM  
RUMANIA WHO HAD  
BEEN ARRESTED  
SEVERAL TIMES...

THIS COUNTRY IS TIRED  
AND SICK TO DEATH OF YOU  
AND YOUR SORT. YOU ARE  
AN ASSOCIATE OF KNOWN  
CRIMINALS AND YOU  
ARE NOT WANTED  
HERE. PROCEEDINGS  
WILL BE  
COMMENCED  
TO HAVE YOU  
DEPORTED!



**DEPORTATION!** THIS WAS THE LAST THING  
ANNA SAGE WANTED, FOR SHE WAS DOING VERY  
NICELY IN HER ADOPTED COUNTRY. THANK YOU!  
TO HER FRIEND, POLLY HAMILTON, SHE  
EXPOUNDED HER TROUBLES.

THERE'S NOTHING FOR ME BACK  
IN THE OLD COUNTRY. I'M  
YOUNG AND  
PRETTY NO  
LONGER. I'LL  
STARVE THERE.  
AND THERE'S  
MY SON...



POLLY HAD A NEW BOY FRIEND, CALLING HIMSELF JIMMY LAWRENCE. HE WAS A STRANGER IN TOWN AND POLLY ASKED ANNA TO LET HIM USE ONE OF THE ROOMS IN HER APARTMENT.



ANNA SAGE DID NOT SUSPECT FOR A MOMENT THAT SHE WAS GIVING SHELTER TO THE WORLD'S WORST CRIMINAL. HE LOOKED DIFFERENT NOW FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS PRINTED IN THE NEWSPAPERS. BUT ONE NIGHT...





# JOHN DILLINGER, PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1 REPORTED SEEN IN ST. LOUIS

By our own reporters

It is several weeks now since John Dillinger was last seen in Indianapolis.

Since then he has completely disappeared. But today he was recognized in ~~hometown~~, St. Louis.

IT WAS WEEKS BEFORE ANNA SAGE COULD SUMMON UP ENOUGH COURAGE TO MAKE HER NEXT MOVE FOR SHE KNEW SHE WAS COURTING CERTAIN DEATH. BUT DEPORTATION APPROACHED!



**THE BARGAIN WAS MADE!** DILLINGER'S DEATH WAS TO BE THE PRICE OF ANNA SAGE'S REMAINING IN THE UNITED STATES. A FEW DAYS LATER ANNA PUT ON A RED DRESS TO GO TO THE CINEMA WITH POLLY AND DILLINGER.



WHO WILL EVER KNOW THE THOUGHTS OF ANNA SAGE AS SHE SAT THROUGH THE FILM BESIDE THE MAN SHE HAD BETRAYED? THE SHOW OVER, THE TRIO LEFT THE CINEMA.



DILLINGER CURSED, DREW HIS GUN AND TURNING, FLED DOWN AN ALLEY BESIDE THE CINEMA. BUT THIS TIME THERE WAS TO BE NO ESCAPE FOR THE MOBSTER.



BY VIOLENCE HE HAD LIVED. BY VIOLENCE HE DIED. BUT FATE HAD A STRANGE CARD TO PLAY WHERE ANNA SAGE WAS CONCERNED. A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF DILLINGER SWORE TO KILL HIS BETRAYER.

IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO I'LL GET THAT WOMAN IN RED!



THE SPEAKER WAS BABY FACE NELSON, THE NEW PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1.



THERE WAS ONLY ONE ESCAPE FOR ANNA SAGE AND SHE KNEW IT. ALTHOUGH HER DEPORTATION ORDER HAD BEEN REVOKED SHE LEFT THE UNITED STATES AND CAME TO ENGLAND WHERE SHE SOON FOUND WORK OF A KIND.

BUT WOMEN LIKE ANNA SAGE ARE NOT WELCOMED IN ENGLAND AND SHE SOON LEFT - **FOR RUMANIA!** SO DESPITE HER BLOOD-STAINED BARGAIN, SHE WENT THERE JUST THE SAME.



THAT WAS OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO AND **THE REST IS SILENCE.**

Dear Reader,

First the *bad* news! Owing to continually rising costs, the publishers have regretfully found it necessary to raise the price of Action Picture Library to 1/3d. per issue.

Now the *good* news! In order to make sure that you will *still* get good value for your money, there will be 8 EXTRA PAGES in every issue from here on. This will mean a long, complete story—PLUS a shorter but just as exciting complete feature or story.

If you want the best in adventure picture stories, continue to buy this super library and make sure of your monthly ration of thrills, action and drama.

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITOR

Published each month by IPC Magazines Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Printed by Fleetway Printers, 17 Sumner Street, London, S.E.1. Subscription Rates: £2.0.0 for 24 numbers, £1.0.0 for 12 numbers. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; Rhodesia, Zambia and Malawi, Kingstons, Ltd. ACTION PICTURE LIBRARY is sold subject to the following conditions, that it shall not, without the written consent of the Publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition, or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

2.3.70 SG

***Tough...Dramatic...***  
***ACTION***  
**PICTURE LIBRARY**

**ALSO ON SALE NOW**



**No. 16**  
**SABOTAGE**

A booklet of matches . . .  
a vital clue that uncovered  
a fantastic plot to cripple  
the American 6th Fleet!



---

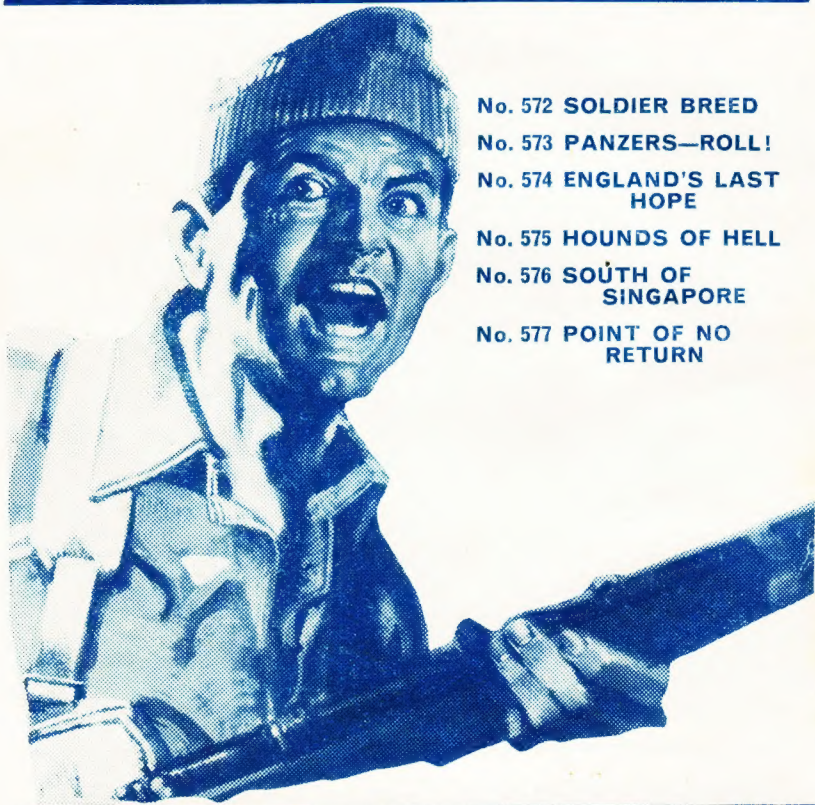
**Two Action-Packed Issues Every Month!**  
**MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPIES—ORDER THEM TODAY!**

**ALSO ON SALE NOW**

---

# **WAR PICTURE LIBRARY**

---



**No. 572 SOLDIER BREED**

**No. 573 PANZERS—ROLL!**

**No. 574 ENGLAND'S LAST  
HOPE**

**No. 575 HOUNDS OF HELL**

**No. 576 SOUTH OF  
SINGAPORE**

**No. 577 POINT OF NO  
RETURN**

---

**SIX Terrific Issues Every Month**